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The Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa.

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The Somerset Herald.

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WHOLE NO. 2346.

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

Those who think that imported soaps must be the finest, do not know that the materials for Ivory Soap are the best to be found anywhere. The vegetable oil of which Ivory Soap is made, is imported, almost in ship loads, from the other side of the world.

The Procter & Gamble Co., Clev.

First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus, \$24,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE ORDINARY AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

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OF SOMERSET PA.

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Next Door West of Lutheran Church,
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with Clocks, Watches, and Jew-
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All work guaranteed. Look at my
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Best Lubricating Oils
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At the Old Stand near the Som-
erset & Cambria R. R. Station.

Prices Right.

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NEW SPRING GOODS. New styles in all kinds of goods and lowest prices. A full line of Cashmere and Serges in all qualities. Splendid assortment of Black Wool, Worsted and Mohair Dress in Brocaded and Novelty. Styles, suited for dresses and skirts. A big stock of newest styles of Novelty Dress Goods, ranging in price from 12 1/2 cts to \$1 a yard.

GREAT variety of Silks and Silk and Wool Plaids, etc., for waists & dresses. Wash Goods for dresses and waists, including Swisses, Lawns, Percales, Diomites, Crepes, Moire, Chintzes, Cheviotte Prints, Gingham, Seersuckers, etc. Splendid values in Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Table Covers, Bed Spreads, Portiers, Furniture Damask Silk and Silkline Draperies and Cushions.

LADIES' Dress Skirts and Shirt Waists. Ladies' Spring Capes in Velvet, Silk and Cloth. Ladies' Night Dresses, Corset Covers, Skirts and Chemise. A handsome assortment of New Lace Collars and Dress Yokes. Infants Long and Short Dresses, Long and Short Coats and Sacks. Great variety of Children's Mull and Lace Caps and Hats.

NEW Style Buttons, Silks, Gimps, Ribbons, Laces, etc., for dress trimmings. A large variety of Cambrie, Swiss and Nansook Embroidery in white and colors. Linen Sheeting, Stamped Linen and Embroidery Silk. A large assortment of Lace Curtains cheap. Also Curtain Swags and Scries.

LARGEST stock of new Millinery Goods. All the latest styles. A large assortment of Lace and Button Guaranteed Kid Gloves. Fast Colored Stockings in green and colors for Ladies', Misses', Children, Men and Boys. Best dark, blue and light calicoes, 5 cts. Wool and Cotton Carpet Chain.

Mrs. A. E. UHL.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
COLD IN HEAD

THE KEELY CURE

Mrs. A. E. UHL.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CATARRH
COLD IN HEAD

THE KEELY CURE

PATENTS

Scientific American Agency for

AMANDA TODD.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

Amanda Todd's orbit of existence is not, of a necessity, a very bright one. She was born, brought up, and will die in this village, but there is no doubt that it is eccentric. She moves apart on her own little course quite separate from the rest of us.

Had Amanda's lines of life been cast elsewhere, where circumstances had pushed her, instead of hemming her in, she might have become the feminine apostle of a new creed, had she been a sect of unfortunates, or a system of female dress. As it is, she does not go to meetings, she never wears a bonnet and she keeps cats.

Amanda Todd is 60, and she never was married. Had she been, the close friction with another nature might have worn away some of the peculiarities of hers. She might have gone to meetings, she might have worn a bonnet, she might even have cherished cats, but it is not probable. When peculiarities are in the grain of a person's nature, as they probably are in hers, such friction only brings them out more plainly, and it is the other person who suffers.

The village men are not, as a rule, very subtle, but they have seemed to feel this instinctively. Amanda, they say, is a very pretty girl in her youth, but no young man ever dared make love to her and marry her. She had always the reputation of being "an odd stick," even in the district school. She always kept by herself at recess, she never seemed to have anything in common with the other girls and she always went home alone from singing school. Probably never in her whole life has Amanda Todd known what it is to be protected by some devoted person of the other sex through the night perils of our village street.

There is a tradition in the village that once in her life, when she was about 25 years old, Amanda Todd had a beautiful bonnet and went to meeting.

Old Mrs. Nathan Morse vouches for the reliability of it, and, moreover, she hints at a reason. "When Mandy, she was 'bout 25 years old," she says, "George Henry French, he come to town, and taught the district school, and he see Mandy, an' told Almira Bouton that he thought she was about the prettiest girl he ever laid eyes on, and Almira, she told Mandy. That was all there ever was to it, he never waited on her, never spoke to her, fur I know, but right after that Mandy, she had a bonnet, and she went 'reglar' to meeting." Fore that her mother could scarcely get her to keep a thing on her head on days—always carried her sunbonnet—a langlin' by the strings; under she wasn't struck a million times—and as for goin' to meetin', her mother, she talked and talked, but it didn't do a mile of good. I 'spose her father kind of upheld her in it. He wouldn't go to meetin' unless he was 'sight rather go out 'proovin' round in the woods like a wild animal, Sabbath days, than go to meetin'. Once he ketches a wildcat, an' tried to tame it, but he couldn't. It bit and chewed so he had to let it go. I guess Mandy gets her liking for cats from him first of all. Well, Mandy, she had to meetin' 'reglar' most a year, and she looked as pretty as a picture sits in a bonnet, and her bonnet was trimmed with green gossamer ribbon and had a wreath of fine pink flowers inside. Her mother was real tickled, thought Mandy had met with a change. But land, it didn't last no time. George Henry French, he quit town the next year and went to Somerset to teach, and pretty soon we heard he had married a girl over there. Then Mandy, she come 'round to see her mother, and Almira what she did with the bonnet—stomped on it, most likely, she always had considerable temper—anyway, I never see her wear it afterwards."

This old Mrs. Nathan Morse tells the story, and somehow to a reflective mind the picture of Amanda Todd in her youth decked in her pink-wreathed bonnet, selfishly but innocently attending in the sanctuary of divine worship, in order to lay hands on her own little share of earthly affection, is inseparable from her, as she goes now, old and bare-headed, defiantly past the meeting house, when the Sabbath bells are ringing.

However, if Amanda Todd had elected to go bareheaded through the village street from feminine vanity, rather than eccentricity, it would have been no wonder. Not a young girl in the village has such a head of hair as Amanda's. It is of a beautiful chestnut color, and there is not a gray thread in it. It is full of wonderful natural ripples, too—not one of the village girls can equal them with her papers and crimping pins—and Amanda arranges it in two superb braids wound twice around her head. Seen from behind, Amanda's head is that of a young beauty; when it turns a little, and her harsh old profile becomes visible, there is a shock to the stranger.

Amanda's father had a great stock of chestnut hair, which was seldom cut, and she inherits this adornment from him. He lived to be an old man, but that ruddy crown of his never touched gray.

Amanda's mother died long ago; then her father. Ever since she has lived alone in her shingled cottage with her cats. There were not so many cats at first; they say she started with one fine tabby, who became the mother, grandmother and great-grandmother to armies of kittens.

Amanda must destroy some when she can find no homes for them, otherwise she herself would be driven afield, but still the impression is a legion.

"A cat is so clever, it slinks so secretly from one abiding place to another and seems to duplicate itself with its sudden appearances, that it may account in a measure for this impression. Still there are a great many. Nobody knows just the number—the estimate runs anywhere from 15 to 50. Counting, or trying to count, Amanda Todd's cats is a favorite amusement of the village children. "Here's another," they shout

REMINISCENCES.

A notice of the death of ex-Sheriff Walker appeared in the Somerset papers of recent date. Mr. Walker is remembered as a jolly, good-natured, big-hearted man, by those who knew him forty years ago when "Squire Roddy's" hair began to change from glossy black to silver gray, he was in the habit of coloring it and his rather long whiskers with some sort of a patent preparation, prepared and recommended for the purpose, as being "strictly vegetable," containing no mineral substance whatever. This was when the "Squire" was comparatively young man, and before his marriage rather late in life. On one occasion the "Squire" was in Somerset, when Mr. Walker came up to him, and taking hold of the "Squire's" beard, said, "Bill, why you not put a little tucker on dat hair dye?" This expressive question became a "log-word" in this country, as long as "Squire Roddy" lived. Mr. Walker, outside of his extensive acquaintance through the county, in consequence of his political canvass, was known for his connection with the hanging of Pritts, for the deliberate murder of Weimer. This murder was premeditated, and as has been the case often before and since, there was "a woman in the case." Pritts was a man well up in years, while Weimer was young.

Some years ago some one wrote a communication in a Somerset paper in regard to the murders in Somerset county, and among the rest the Hugud murder was mentioned. The account there, as later on, one that was written after the Niecey execution, by Mr. E. H. Werner, was erroneous in some particulars, and the writer corrected it, to some extent, at the time, in a long communication in a Somerset paper. As most people think, and as Mr. Werner had it, the victim of the Hugud murder was a drover, who was killed for his money. The writer's great-grandfather, "Squire McLane," was among the first, if not the very first surveyors, in Somerset county, and after the new county was formed, he removed to the neighborhood of Somerset, in order to be nearer the county seat.

The writer's grandmother, from whom he obtained the facts, which, in her turn, he had from her father, was well acquainted with all the circumstances. The two Hugud brothers were French Canadians whose parents came originally to Fort Duquesne, with the French army of occupation, and remained there, and who, being rather shiftless fellows, but apparently harmless withal, by some mysterious providence, drifted into Somerset county. They had been here, and there, in the neighborhood of Somerset, for some little time, with no occupation or profession to make their ends meet. They had become entirely penniless, and were in desperate straits, wandering around the country, wherever they could find accommodation. They saw the drover, Pollock, if that was his name, in a tavern, displaying a considerable quantity of money, and, after they had learned, by some means, the direction he intended to go, they left, and the larger of the two suggested the idea of murdering the man for his money; the smaller man demurred, but his scruples were overcome, and they hid themselves in a secluded place to await the coming of the drover. They had not waited long until the man they were looking for, in a heavy coat, and with a hat, entered the town, and, thinking he was carrying a large sum of money, they followed him, and, in what manner the writer can not now recall; the presumption is by shooting. The larger man did the deed, the other man being only an accessory; they hid the body behind a log, and gathered all the blood they could out of the snow, and put it in the murdered man's mittens, which they secreted with their dead body. However, when they saw the man advance quickly to the body's head, and patting it gently, he said in a tone of affectionate tenderness: "Poor old Joe; so they have brought you to this. I somehow thought it was you, old boy, when I first saw you, but I couldn't hardly believe my eyes, for you used to be a mighty different looking horse from this."

All this time the horse was rubbing his head against the man's breast and shoulders; and there was a suspicious of moisture in the eyes of the man as well as in the eyes of several of the spectators.

"I never would have sold you in the world, Joe, if I had thought they would ever bring you to this," the man continued. "But never mind, old boy; there's going to be change right away now. You're going to have a nice big sale, and you ain't ever going to do another lick of work as long as you live."

And then turning to the owner he asked: "How much do you want for this horse?"

The former hesitated a moment and then said: "Forty dollars."

He knew that he was asking four times what the horse was worth, but he concluded that the old owner would not stand on a few dollars to get back his old horse.

And he didn't, for he counted out the \$40, and handing it to the man, said: "Here is your money. You are robbing me, but I must have that old horse."

A few minutes later he was leading him down the street, and as they made their way along there were doubtless many who wondered why that well-dressed man should evince such tender consideration for the poor bony old horse which followed with lame, faltering steps close behind him.

Tubercular begonia for winter blooming must be kept in a cool, dry place until July, or until they insist on growing, in fact. When they refuse to longer remain dormant and send up their shoots of green from the dry bulbs pot them and let them grow.

What seems but a simple diarrhoea frequently develops into the most dangerous of bowel troubles, if neglected. Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is a never-failing specific in all such cases.

Rescued by a Cloudburst.

Billits Mine's backboard stage was coming over Needle Pass in Arizona a couple of weeks ago, and there were only two people on board. One was Mike, the driver, and the other was a man going to work at the mine. He may have had more than one name, but he told the driver that he was known as Jack, and that seemed to satisfy the man who handled the lines. They were delayed by an accident until darkness came on, and then they decided to camp until morning in the pine woods. The horses were unhitched and the two men spread their blankets and lay down.

It was their intention to sleep, but somehow their eyes were wide open, and the drowsy god refused to come their way. The strain had been very great on both, and a nervous condition was the result. And as they lay there looking up at the branches of the pines that glowed red from the frelight against a sky of inky blackness, there was not much wind, but it was enough to cause the prickly needles to move against one another and produce a sound like the distant moaning of the ocean. Mike heard the sound, and listened to it in the hope that it would soothe his mind and cause sleep.

He paid particular attention to the change produced by every breath of air, and gradually became conscious of an increase in the volume of sound. It seemed to rise from the little breaker falling on the shingle to the giant wave dashing against a cliff before the fury of the hurricane. At first Mike thought that sleep was coming and tried to help it along by continuing the thought, but as the sound increased he sat up and looked into the darkness. He could see nothing. The sound grew louder, and he could hear the crackling of breaking branches. Jack also heard the sound, and both got up thoroughly alarmed. The horses were snorting like leaves, showing plainly that they were listening to a sound they did not understand.

Louder and louder, until it had become a roar that was all around them and gradually coming nearer. At first Mike thought it might be a storm, but there was absent that weird, whistling sound always an accompaniment to a storm in the pines. But what it was could not be determined, and each moment it became more terrible.

"Let's run," said Jack.

"That's good advice," replied Mike; "but what way?"

This was the worst of the mysterious sound; it seemed to be all around them at the same time and it could not be told where it came from. One moment it came from the clouds, the next it was near their feet, and by a thought it came from all sides.

Suddenly it struck Mike that it was a herd of wild beasts of some kind, but thought it strange there was no barking or growling, or anything of the kind, and that the sound was coming from all sides.

The animals were anxious to go, but before the harness was over their backs Mike heard a branch crack just behind him. He pulled his head over and saw where the sound came from. This only increased the roaring sound until it was deafening, and an occasional hiss could be heard.

"Let us hurry and get out of this," was all each man could say to the other, as they backed the horses into position. But it was too late.

Before they could realize what had happened the cracking and roaring was just beside them. Mike looked all around and on every side he saw a deluge of fire coming from all directions. He was convinced that they were mounting rain terrapins. He had seen them before, but singly, and looked upon them as harmless.

These were the animals that now threatened the two men, and in an instant it went through Mike's mind that they were different from those he had generally seen. They were surely older, and had very likely come from the Gulf in company and got lost. Now they were hunting and were angry and hungry.

Nearer and nearer the turtles came, and Mike and Jack soon had to climb into the wagon to keep out of their way. The turtles crowded around the wagon, and the wagon was the only place of refuge. Mike thought the turtles might move on, and did all he could to frighten them by shooting at them. It was almost dark, as the fire had been burning long, and as Mike could not aim, none of the bullets took effect on the turtles' backs. They soon began climbing over one another in their efforts to get at the men. At last there was such a number all around that the wagon commenced to move and was forced to the side until the hind wheels were broken. They were from the Gulf in company and got lost. Now they were hunting and were angry and hungry.

Jack landed squarely on a turtle's back, but Mike slipped in between two of them, and it was several moments before he was ready to start. Then they jumped from one turtle to another for some time, and it seemed to the men as if they were covering them. But they kept on and knew that unless they fell they were safe.

Soon there began to be a little space between the turtles, and it appeared as if they were getting to the edge of the herd; but they discovered that the turtles were also going in the same direction they were. Still there was nothing else to do, so they kept on.

It was hardly possible to see, but the men were both aware that they were getting out of the pine forest, though the direction they were traveling was unknown to them. Suddenly Mike, who was in the lead, stepped on a rock that he mistook for a turtle and fell forward down hill. They had reached the edge of a cañon, and as there were not so many turtles, had a

To The Moon, 38 Miles.

The huge block of crystal which will become the mirror for the great telescope has safely arrived in Paris. If all goes well the exhibition of 1900 will be able to boast of a distinct feature. Whether the moon's features will be equally distinct is another question. Professor Lowry thinks not, but M. Deloncle is still determined to carry through his idea.

However, the moon one year off! It was thus the scheme of the gigantic telescope was spoken of in the papers, but M. Deloncle, however ambitious he may be in Central Africa, protests that he never had so preposterous a notion. He claims that it will be possible to throw on a screen views of our satellite brought within a distance of thirty-eight miles. This remains to be seen.

However, Professor Lowry will wish M. Deloncle and still more especially his share-holders, every success in what one must still regard as an experiment.

The new telescope mirror is the largest ever made. It was cast at Jeumont, a manufacturing place, and the last French station on the line to Liege, Cologne, and Berlin. This splendid block of homogeneous crystal weighs 3,000 kilograms. It is 2.03 meters in diameter in its present rough state it cost £4,000. Of course it was conveyed to Paris in a special train. It was wrapped up in heavy felt blankets, protected by hoops of soft wood, with metal ties, mounted on pivots. This packed, the mirror was tightly wedged in a case that was placed in the wagon on a bed of hurlies and layers of hay.

For greater safety, the train stopped only once, at Terzier, and there M. Deloncle, as a royal train, was escorted by a railway inspector. It was insured to its full value. The same afternoon it was removed from the northern terminus to the workshop. The mirror, before leaving Jeumont, went through a second grinding of its faces, being as smooth as a fine plate glass. But for telescope purposes this sort of smoothness is roughness. The finishing process will take two years and six months, and by more expeditious processes than any hitherto in use, which, moreover, will give greater accuracy than anything known.

Hitherto astronomical mirrors and lenses have been polished by hand by slowly rubbing the glass with the naked hand, sometimes, but not always, with pumice, and with other substances, which are the maker's secret. The drawback of this process is that the mere heat of the hand may cause the surface to warp.

The new mechanical process, of which particulars are not given, will produce a surface approaching a true plane, within the one-thousandth part of a millimeter. Even this marvelous finish will leave a margin, astronomical for errors. The whole finishing process will cost £5,000. The silvering will not cost anything to speak of.

The mirror will be mounted on two arms ten meters long, and will be set in motion by machinery of the usual sort. The rays gathered from planetary space will be reflected horizontally through a mammoth tube sixty meters long, into a telescope which will be a quarter of a mile long. The telescope will be one meter twenty-five centimeters, the largest in the world, and the images, enlarged 6,000 times, will be thrown on a screen which thousands of people will view at a time.

The moon will, if all goes well, be brought within thirty-eight miles, but it is most doubtful whether images on this scale will prove correct. M. Lowry, the inventor of the telescope, the telescope process will take two years and six months, and by more expeditious processes than any hitherto in use, which, moreover, will give greater accuracy than anything known.

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Hitherto astronomical mirrors and lenses have been polished by hand by slowly rubbing the glass with the naked hand, sometimes, but not always, with pumice, and with other substances, which are the maker's secret. The drawback of this process is that the mere heat of the hand may cause the surface to warp.

The new mechanical process, of which particulars are not given, will produce a surface approaching a true plane, within the one-thousandth part of a millimeter. Even this marvelous finish will leave a margin, astronomical for errors. The whole finishing process will cost £5,000. The silvering will not cost anything to speak of.

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